Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old witherd plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused,ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes,my selfe, my selfe confound.
Day yeild me not thy light,nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings,if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion,holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me.
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this:
It will not be auoyded but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be,not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes,
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I,if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe,to be my selfe?
King. I,if your selues remembrance wrong your selues.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children,
King. But in your daughters wombe ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit* Qu.
Relenting foole,and shallow changing woman. *Enter* Rat.
Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauy: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow hearted friends,
Vnarmd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull expecting but the ayd,
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them to shore.
King. Some light-foote friend post to the D. of
Ratliffe thy selfe,or *Catesby*,where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flye to the Duke: post thou to Salisbur
When thou commest there,dull vnmindfull villai
Why standst thou still,and goest not to the Duk
Cat. First mighty soueraigne let me know your
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
Kin. O true,good *Catesby*,bid him leauie straig
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*.
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shall do
King. Why,what shouldst thou doe there befo
Rat. Your highnesse told me I should post bef
King. My mind is chang'd sir,my mind is chan
How now, what news with you? *Ent*
Dar. None good my Lord to please you with
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.
King. Hoyday a riddle neyther good nor bad
Why dost thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more,what news?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke,and be the seas on hi
White liuered runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by gu
King. Well sir,as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*,*Buckingham*, and *Ely*
He makes for *England*, there to clayme the Cro
King Is the chaire empty? Is the sword vnsw
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is their aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorkes* hei